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Absence.

JOHN HARTE.

MY life is void since last I saw your face;
Beauty has vanished from the earth and sky;
The distant hills in solitude doth lie,
And o'er their brows a solemn dirge I trace,
As if to say that time can ne'er replace
Your like again. And then I wonder why
The winds of heaven round your tomb doth cry,
And, weeping, mourn the loss of love's embrace.

I see you now, in Fancy's brightest dream,
Upon that twilight eve when last we met
Below the ridge where cuckoos used to call.
And as I wander down life's winding stream
I hear your voice in triumph whispering yet:
"We'll meet again when life's last shadows fall."

Ghosts.

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02.



HERE are the souls that swarmed in times past? where are the spirits? who heareth their noises? who seeth their visions? Thus wrote Reginald Scot in 1584, and he seemed to glory in the passing away of the "old superstition" and the advent of a wave of reason and common-sense. If he were to return to earth he would find that ghosts are not so easily gotten rid of as he thought. We have haunted houses, second-sight, crystal-gazing, and hallucinations just as they had in the olden time, even though psychical science does bunch them all together and call them phantasmogenetic agencies.

Our ghosts, however, differ somewhat in character from their more ancient kinsfolk. Nearly all the ghost stories that have come

down to us tell of purpose ghosts, with secret crimes to reveal or appointments to keep or messages to deliver. Most modern ghosts seem to be aimless, spirit-rapping, furniture-moving individuals, with no real vocation. The Society for Psychical Research is probably largely responsible for this. Non-purpose ghosts are just as interesting objects of scientific study as any other kind, and—if there are more of them—of course, more will be recorded. Formerly, as long as there was a plenty of real active ghosts, those whose careers were not coupled with something of human interest would be forgotten.

There are certain typical stories of which all ghost stories seem to be variations. Running through the old literatures are tales of disembodied spirits doomed to wander because their bodies lie unburied. These commonly made life miserable for their kinsfolk until the ghosts succeeded in harrowing up some charitable soul, who saw that they were properly "planted." When the old notion about burial died out, these ghosts of skeletons assumed the task of finding lost treasure, revealing crime and meddling generally in the affairs of men.

The appearance of ghosts must have caused great annoyance, if we are to judge from the efforts made to prevent their return. Among many peoples proper burial was not sufficient, and various practices were employed to lay the unwilling ghosts. One of the most primitive was to pile stones on the grave. Those who have studied the evolution of ghosts maintain that in this custom is found the origin of tombstones. The spirits of murderers and their victims have always been deemed especially restless, and among many nations it was of obligation for every passer-by to add a stone to the pile. The people of Finland were in the habit of surrounding the grave very closely with a fence so high that it could not be "taken" without a run.

It was known that the favourite haunt of a ghost is the place where he died. It was also early found out that a ghost could re-enter a house only by the way he went out. This weakness was taken advantage of as a precautionary measure, so that in case a ghost escaped from his grave, his kinsfolk might still be free from his presence. The usual way was to make a temporary opening in the wall and to pass the corpse through this instead of taking it out by the door. The hole thus made could be carefully closed up, and the ghost's return would be effectually barred. It is said that some of these special doors for the dead may still be seen in a village near Amsterdam. Another method of stopping a ghost's return was to carry the coffin very rapidly around the house three or four times. It is very likely that any self-respecting ghost would stay away after such treatment. People who are always looking for a reason in things, claim that a corpse is borne from a house feet foremost in order to prevent the eyes from taking note of the way and so render it impossible for the ghost to come back.

Modern ghosts, however, are, for the most part, not of this chain-clanking, iron-noisy kind. They manifest themselves, to a great extent, in table-turning, crystal-gazing and second-sight; all of which are more or less under the control of living people. The first recorded case of table-turning was a very serious affair. The ghost which manipulated it foretold very exactly the death of the Emperor Domitian. His successors, however, are at everybody's service, and the art has degenerated into a mere parlour amusement.

A crystal-seer, while awake and with open eyes, sees in a mirror or crystal ball, visions somewhat like those which ordinary people get from day-dreams. These visions are probably a great deal like the fictitious characters and scenes which a poet or novelist visualizes and then puts on paper. In fact, some experienced crystal-seers can get along well without a glass. Some very remarkable stories of crystal-gazing are told; but it is probable that the well-authenticated cases can be explained as a revival of memory combined with strong visualizing power; very often it is a memory of things not consciously noted. Thus a crystal-seer beheld in a glass the printed announcement of a friend's death. She had not consciously read the paper containing the announcement, but remembered holding it before her face to screen her from the fire.

The second-sight-seer has visions of things past, present and to come. The best-authenticated cases are those of present events, and among these the appearance at a distance of a dying person's wraith is especially well-established. While the commonest experience is with wraiths of the dying, there are so many well-proved cases which are not connected with death in any way that the facts can not be explained on the hypothesis that at death only is the soul capable of translating itself wherever it wishes. The hazy explanation of thought-transference does as well as any theory.

These stories are very much of a kind. A most remarkable case comes to us from the seventeenth century. It is especially interesting because the testimony that went to prove it was recognized in a court of law. The story runs that in the year 1687 three English ships put in at the island of Stromboli. The three captains, Barnaby, Bristow and Brown, went out rabbit-hunting. At about four o'clock in the afternoon they saw two men running toward them. As the men went past, Captain Barnaby exclaimed: "The foremost is my next-door neighbour, old Booty." The two figures immediately disappeared in the flames of the volcano. At Captain Barnaby's request each put down the incident in his log-book. On their return home they met at Gravesend, and while making merry with their people, Mrs. Barnaby remarked that old Booty was dead. The captain did not think that remarkable as they "all had seen him run into hell." Mrs. Booty heard of this and brought suit for libel. The log-books were put in evidence, and the time and description agreed so well that "the widow lost her cause."

It is wonderful how men will believe the most remarkable tales of beast intelligence while denying far less wonderful facts of human consciousness. Pliny's story of the dancing elephant has received widespread credence. The story is that an elephant which was cruelly beaten for an exhibition of bad dancing was seen to retire to a lonely spot every night for some time where he diligently practised his art. (Although Romanes quotes this story he is inclined not to believe it.) Maybe there is a small element of fear in man's disbelief. He finds it easier to ignore the existence of ghosts than to meet them; for, as Burton said: "the most illiterate devil is an unsafe antagonist for the most learned man."

That Stove.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

Van Zipper had lived in Newton all his life. He was a genial fellow and as merry a companion as one would care to meet, but he was eccentric in one thing—church-going. True, Van Zipper's folk were church-goers. There was his wife, Myra Van Zipper, and his daughter, Hetty; they actually lived in church. Every church festival or entertainment was incomplete without them. The lovely sermon of the minister, the charming hymns of the choir, and the latest marriage at the parsonage were always on the tip of their tongue. Peter Van Zipper, however, was different. During all his fifty years, he had been in church but once, and that was at the time of his father's funeral. He would sit near the open grate every Sunday morning and Wednesday evening, read the newspapers, or look over some family records, while Mrs. Van Zipper and Hetty went to "meetin'," as they called it, in the Green Street X church.

"Better mind your business, Van Zipper," his wife would say, when he joked at her church-going propensities. "Yes, you prefer to sip your brandy, and read those trashy newspapers on Sunday mornin' rather than go to meetin'. I suppose if Hetty and I didn't go there so often, you'd be lost long before this."

"My dear wife," he would answer, "I never grumble, do I? I never ask you to stay at home, do I? Do I interfere with you and Hetty in matters that concern you only? Why, go to church, if you will, but let me stay here in peace near the fire, laugh at you and grow fat. While you're gone to meeting to-night, I'll compose a hymn for you and Hetty to sing at Christmas."

"Oh, papa!" cried Hetty, rushing into the sitting-room. "Just think of it! Mr. Fairbanks is in town. He's going to preach at our church to-night. Won't it be a real treat? Do come with mamma and me. Ah, do!"

"To church, Hetty?" returned Van Zipper. "Why, if I went to church, the deacons and minister would lose their eyesight. I never go to church. Stay at home to-night, Hetty. Keep me company, and I'll tell you a story about that charming church of yours."

"I hate to miss Mr. Fairbank's preaching, papa, but since you will be all alone, I'll

stay home with you. Do tell the story."

"Now, if you can keep those lips of yours closed for a few moments, and take your mind off that dear, sweet, little cockney minister, I'll tell it to you."

"A few years ago," began Van Zipper, "I was awarded the contract for building a large brick safe-deposit-vault in the Green Street X church of this city. I was proud of the contract, for every contractor round here had figured on the work, and I wasn't the lowest bidder. The vault was to be built in the cellar of the church, and under no circumstances was any workman to enter the upstairs part of the church. I started the work. The cellar was in a most confused condition. Rubbish was everywhere. All kinds of clothing, old books and shoes, discarded bonnets, cooking utensils, and enough other stuff to furnish a junk-shop. In the middle of the cellar was a large stove. It puzzled me. 'What in the world is this for?' I said to Mike McGinn, one of my workmen."

"We'll see," answered Mike. "Be all the powers ef it ain't a riglar Shinese laundhry stove. Luk at the place fur the iruns, an' begor there's the poipes that they does be usin' fur makin' the opyum. I'll bet ivry cint uv me week's pay that the young girruls an' b'ys be's makin' this a riglar opyum jint."

"Nonsense, Mike," said I, "this is a meeting house. The people that come here are good people. They come here to pray, Mike."

"Dinny," cried he to a fellow-workman, "d'ye hear fwhat the boss sez?"

"I do," answered Denis.

"An' fwhat d'ye think, Dinny?"

"Begorra, Moike, them church folks is the divils. Sure I'd jist as lief thrust me mother-in-law wid me week's pay as to thrust one uv them wid me loife. Fwhisper, Moike, d'ye see them poipes?"

"I do."

"Well, them's the poipes the ould boy uses fwhin they has jamborees here. They makes a short line 'tween here an' fiddlin'-green. Begor, I wouldn't give a tinker's fwhistle fur the whole batch uv them. Bad cess to them! They'd be havin' me an' you arrested fur disturbin' the pace on a Saturday night; but the devil a bit does they think uv dhrinkin' Frank Jones' XXX, and Hennessy's Three Star brandy right here in this meetin' house. Sure ef Father Welch as much as winked at a bar-tendher, them monstrosities uv church goers ud say that the bar-tendher had given the priest a

foine lot uv fwiskey to sample; an' right here in their own church, they does be havin' dhrinkin parties an' the loike.'

"Those two Irishmen were jolly fellows, Hetty. It would do you good to see them at work. Well, I decided not to touch the stove. There were too many pipes connected with it. The rest of the cellar was cleared away, and we were ready to begin the vault; but at this juncture, I learned that there was no water handy, so I called to McGinn!

"McGinn, what are we to do for water?"

"Ain't there no water in thim poipes?" he answered. 'There's a fasset there, see!'

"Sure enough there was, but when I turned the valve no water flowed out. 'How's that, Mike?' said I.

"No wather! Let me git at that poipe. Ef there's wather inywhere it's here—the divil take ye fur a fasset! I'll fix it,' continued he, and upstairs he goes.

"Hold on, Mike,' I shouted. 'You can't go up there!'

"Don't ye see, sir,' yelled he, 'that thim poipes run upstairs. I'll see fwhere the end uv thim is. There's wather at the end uv thim poipes.' Before I could remonstrate, he had entered the kitchen of the church. In a few minutes, he called to his chum:

"Dinny, come up wid a monkey wrench. There's a power uv wather up here. Come up till ye see fwhere the ould boy does his cookin!'

"I went up, too; and would you believe it, Hetty, those two Irishmen, after struggling for more than fifteen minutes got water. Where the water came from I didn't know then.

"'Begor!' Mike was saying to his chum, 'but there's a power uv force in that wather.'

"'There is, indade,' returned Denis. 'Looky we found the place fur turnin' the wather on. I wondher ef the boss belongs to this church. It's too bad ef he does. I hates to see a good man go wrong. Say, Moike, what kind of folks is these people?'

"'I'll tell ye, Dinny. They sez as how the ould boy appeared in a dhrame to a turn-coat uv a priest undher pretince that he wuz a saint, an' asked him to build a church in his honor, an' found a new religion. The ould boy promised all as wud profess the faith, as they sez, good look here and hereafter. So up gits this turn-coat uv a priest an' founds a new religion.'

"'Begor! that's a dandy religion,' said Denis.

'Sure the poor people must be foolish. An' who sez Mass fur thim?'

"Mass!—fur thim, Dinny! Mass!' cried Mike, laughing; 'the divil a bit uv the Mass they has. All they does is dhress up on Wednesday noight, an' Sunday mornin', an' go to church, an' see ef the minister is in the latest stoile; talk about their neighbors, an' smoile at the collection box.'

"An' they has no Mass, Moike! Does they go to Confession or Communion a tall?'

"They thinks they does, Dinny. They confesses their sins to themselves, an' absolves themselves, too. Once the month, the ladies uv the congregation brings sweet bread to church, an' the dacons passes it roun' to the people. They dhrinks port wine too. Begor! I'd loike to git a good smack uv it now.'

"This kind of talk continued until night. When I returned the next morning, I was greatly surprised: it was raining in the cellar; and where the water came from I was at a loss to find out; however, I was quickly enlightened. I went upstairs, and there I saw McGinn and one of the deacons disputing over something.

"'This is a pretty sight, sirs!' said the Deacon. 'How did this happen? Look at that ceiling; look at those beautifully painted walls; and the maple floor! The church is ruined.'

"'Maybe as it's the ould boy as lost his way,' said Denis, with a serious face.

"'Hush! hush!' said McGinn. 'I'll dale wid him.'

"'It's loike this, Mr. Buggs,' said he, 'Dinny and meself wanted some wather to mix up wid the morthar, an' we turned the fasset in that bit uv a stove in the cellar; an' begor! down comes a flood of wather as wud make yer eyes glitther to see it run.'

"'It's a fact,' said Dinny. 'The divil a finer wather I niver saw!'

"I thought the deacon would have a fit. He waited fully two minutes before he answered. His face reddened; his eyes flashed, and his lips quivered; I thought he was going to swear.

"'Darn it!' he exclaimed, 'you good-for-nothing Irish Micks, didn't you know that this water is used for church purposes only? That's the water we baptize people with.'

"'Be aisy, sir, an' we'll make it all right wid ye. Dinny an' meself will fill the tank up, an' thin we'll give the wather as good a blessin' as yer ministher can give it.'

"I almost choked from laughing. I called

the men away; but that jolly McGinn couldn't keep still. He and the deacon were still at it.

"What a set of sacrilegious fellows you are!" cried the exasperated deacon. "I suppose you'll see the priest and give him five or ten dollars to absolve you for profaning God's house. I'll make it hot for the contractor. He has broken his contract."

"An' maybe it's foive or tin dollars the priest'll give us fur tellin' him so good a joke. Whoiver heard the loike. Begor, I think the Almighty Himself ud pay us double that amount for doing fwhat we did! Oh! but it wuz iligant wather. Sure jist before I went home I dhrownded eight rats that I caught in the cellar. I s'pose they're gone to—fwhat-ye-call-it?"

"I called McGinn. The deacon heard me, and called out:

"Mr. Van Zipper, you'll pay for this! You've broken your contract! Look at this church! It's a wreck. I wouldn't mind so much if these two half-witted Irishmen hadn't used the water in so horrible a manner."

"I did pay for it, too, Hetty. That stove cost me two thousand dollars!"

"Goodness, papa!" said Hetty. "I never heard of so mean a thing. But how did that stove have anything to do with the water? And what became of those comical Irishmen?"

"That stove, Hetty, was a queer looking object. On its top was a boiler that generated steam through the pipes wound round the stove to a tank under the pulpit. The stove heated the water for the purpose of administering baptism in the winter. The valve on the stove was a safety valve. There were two valves in the kitchen. One opened a way for water to flow from the pipes in the street to the tank, the other opened a way for water to flow into the boiler. McGinn opened both valves. At night, he forgot to close the tank valve, but closed the other. Thus the water ran all night, and overflowed the tank, and eventually soaked through the ceiling into the cellar. I don't know what became of Denis. Our gardener is the McGinn of the stove incident. Yes, Hetty, instead of going to church to hear those womanish preachers like Mr. Fairbanks dole out the words of Scripture, I prefer to stay at home, read the newspapers, or listen to some of McGinn's theology."

TRUTH is what is based on the indisputable proofs of history, and agrees with the nature of all things.—*Frederick Hurter.*

Varsity Verse.

GIANT TULIPS.

WITH breezes o'er the green parterre,
The crimson tulips are astir
As daylight slowly dies;
And lo! from out the storied past
Come armed figures thronging fast
Before my wondering eyes.
I see the serried lines again
Of deathless Cæsar's conquering men
Across the tide of years;
And high above the martial rows
Red with the blood of vanquished foes
The dreaded Roman spears.
Thus dream I of the legions dead—
The valiant hosts that fought and bled
Beneath the Gallic skies—
While gazing o'er the green parterre
Where crimson tulips are astir
As daylight slowly dies.

P. MACD.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Breathless is the dressing-room
As the wild report goes 'round,
On every face impending doom,
Behind the scenes not one low sound.
Hoping they have not heard aright,
Fearful the face of the stage soubrette;
An awful rumour on that night,
Her rival's name on a new cigarette.

B. K.

OCTOBER WINDS.

Gently on October winds,
The amber maple-leaves are borne
Across the fallow fields. Forlorn
I sit, and watch them float—
Free as the gurgling, cadenced note
That wells from out the thrush's throat—
So free are they, so bound am I
That I would be content to fly
Gently on October winds,
Forevermore.

E. H

A FLOWER.

It burst from out the sullen sod,
Its incense sanctified the air—
This single smile of God.

J. M

ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

Sleep, little one, sleep,
Ne'er by the couch of pain,
Fond eyes shall o'er thee keep
Vigil again.

Rest, little one, rest,
Under the violet sod;
Away from thy mother's breast,
Thy soul with God.

P. MACD.

Hermione.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

No form so fair might painter find
 Among the daughters of mankind;
 For death her beauties hath refined,
 And unto her a form hath given
 Framed of the elements of Heaven.

In the person of Hermione, Shakspeare has depicted the most perfect and most beautiful character in all literature. She is so strong, so lovable, and so noble, that no amount of study can enable us to sound the depths of her perfect nature. Every time we think of the highest type of woman, Hermione flashes before our mind as supremely pre-eminent. She rises above even faithful Cordelia. She is more real and more noble because she sacrifices and suffers more than Cordelia. Such characters as deceitful Goneril and Regan, the injured Desdemona, amiable Ophelia, jealous Leontes and Othello, and ambitious Lady Macbeth, only serve as comparisons for arriving at Hermione's greatness. She is so sublime that only a genius like Shakspeare is powerful enough to deal adequately with her. The rest of us become awe-stricken in her presence. Yet we can not associate her with a stately queen because she is so real, lovable, and gentle that we long to be where she is. She is so good that we find a pleasure in comparing her to our own mothers and associating her with what is best and noblest in life.

In one instance alone do we find her open to criticism, and that is when she says:

Take the boy to you. He so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

This is the one place in her entire life where she shows the least trace of irritation. Even here she immediately changes and recalls the prince.

The play is built entirely on her strength of character and the jealousy of Leontes. The minute his ungrounded fears burst forth into tyrannous accusations, he is hurled from all our sympathies to the realms of hatred, and he is raised again only by Hermione's influence. This great strength of her character alone keeps the play from moving along in an uninteresting, heavy strain.

We first know Hermione as a young bride, without a single care, fairly living on the love that she never dreams will be marred. All of a sudden, however, every ray of sunshine is

swept from her life. We are never again to see the cheerful Hermione. Despite the fact that we know she is keenly wronged, we are not wholly sorry for her misfortune because it awakens the serious side of her nature. Besides she becomes so majestic that we dare not pity her.

She is welcoming Polixenes in her usual cheerful way at the king's bidding, and because she succeeds in winning Polixenes to stay longer, Leontes becomes jealous. The first place we notice this jealousy is when Leontes says,

At my request he would not.

To this incident Leontes adds a thousand fancies of his imagination, and he proves to his own satisfaction that the queen has grown too intimate with Polixenes. Yet he lacks the courage to even suggest the same to her. In her presence he becomes powerless, so he sneakily avoids her company and tries to bribe his servant to poison Polixenes. Leontes is so insanely jealous that he refuses to reason at all; and when he discovers that the servant has made known the plot to Polixenes, and that both have escaped, he fairly breaks into the court and thunderingly accuses the queen of adultery and of plotting against his life. He orders her to be hurried off to prison without allowing her a word of self-defence. Here we first see the supreme test of her greatness. We can hardly think of one woman in all the world that could control herself so serenely under the terrible charge as Hermione did. Instead of flying into a violent rage, or of weakly giving way to a flood of tears, as most women would, she remains unmoved, though bitterly wounded. It has been beautifully said of her that "the cruel charge neither arouses her passions nor stuns her sensibilities; but, like the sinking of lead into the ocean's bosom, it goes to the depths without ruffling the surface of her soul." Her pain was so keen that it transcended all weeping. As she says, "I have that honourable grief lodged here which burns worse than tears drown."

Her sufferings, however, have not reached a climax yet. Her confinement in prison is a sorrowful one. A child is born to her while there that is destined to pierce her heart, but it is also the means of blotting out all her griefs. The child is placed before the king that his tyranny might be softened, but he proclaimed it to be a bastard, and ordered it to be exposed in a foreign land to survive or perish as fortune wishes. Only a mother can

understand the torments Hermione suffered here. This exposure of the child must have pained her even far more than the cruel accusation of her intimacy with Polixenes, for a woman with such a noble character suffers less from her own wrongs than she does from the wrongs of one she loves. She shows this affection when she says:

My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hailed out to murder.

But again she remains serenely firm. "Her strong heart is the home of sorrows too great for any eye-messenger to report."

As Hermione steadily grows in beauty, Leontes sinks from manliness. Every sense of justice flees from him. Hermione is granted a trial, but when she is declared not guilty he calls the judgment false, and renders the decision void. Even when the divine oracle, "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found," was read, Leontes says:

There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

His rashness appears to him only when the young prince is announced dead and Hermione's overcharged nerves at last give way and she is carried out unconscious. From the moment he realizes his terrible tyranny, however, he starts a life of repentance; and his sincere sorrow reinstates him to some degree in our sympathies. Patiently he bears the merciless reproaches of Paulina who assures him that he has killed the queen.

Hermione disappears here, and we do not see her again until the very last scene in the play. For sixteen years the king mourns over her death, and not for one instant does he forget her nor the terrible wrong he has done. Nor in all that time does she glide from our memory, for we can not wholly lose those we love. All her noble traits seem to be inherited by her child, Perdita, whom the mother believed was murdered.

The child was saved by a shepherd, and when she grew to maidenhood her noble blood showed itself so plainly that prince Florizel falls in love with her, although he thinks she is a simple shepherdess. Polixenes, of course, forbids his son, the prince, to marry a peasant girl, so Florizel and Perdita flee to Sicillia, and present themselves at the court of

Leontes. Here Perdita is recognized and the young couple are married. There is such a striking resemblance between Perdita and Hermione that every movement of the young girl reminds us of her mother, both in purity and strength; and at first we are inclined to think she has inherited her mother's misfortune. As soon as Perdita is recognized, Hermione appears, and thus the happy reunion of the king and queen is brought about.

Although we admire Hermione because she fully forgives and forgets the infinite wrong Leontes did her, we can never force ourselves to think of him as a man. His jealousy, tyranny and unreasonableness suggest themselves to us every time we see him, despite the fact of his thorough repentance of sixteen years. Even in his greatest strength he appears weak; but Hermione is ever soaring higher and higher. Her mildness and sweet strength awake everything that is holiest and noblest in our nature, because she, our ideal of greatness, is truly good. Her life is one continuous strain of self-sacrifice. To her death has no terror as is apparent when she says:

Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me life can be no commodity.

My life,

I prize it not a straw.

In fact, death would have been merciful, for it alone could blot out her deep sufferings; yet never does she become so cowardly as to think of ending her life. She patiently bears every cross, and accepts the martyr's crown without a murmur. Like a bird sailing through the sky without moving a wing, she calmly rises above every trial, and is left the unconquered mistress of all.

We are pleasingly touched by the feeling of grateful remembrance she bears toward her father. When she has not a friend that dares to stand up and protect her, how natural, yet how sweet, it is to hear her say,

The emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive and here beholding
His daughter's trial! That he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

In all her sufferings she never loses any of the sacred powers of the wife or of the mother by seeking court honors. She always possesses that serenity and self-restraint that make home life and mother the dearest of all earthly things. O what a grand soul she is! Like Leontes we are willing to gaze on her forever, because her life is as firm and as pure as the marble statue she is represented to be.

Sketches.

COLOR.—A PAINTING.

After dinner, I took a book and sat down in the coolest corner in our parlor. A painting which has the place of honor attracted my attention. It is a picture of a little beggar-girl with her violin under her arm, sitting on a door-step. One hand fingers the strings of the instrument and the other lies in her lap with the palm up, showing that her efforts to obtain a few pennies have not been successful.

Her face has the expression of a child's that is just about to cry. The sorrowful eyes and the tightly closed lips, which are beginning to curve down at the corners, add to the pathetic impression. Her dress of many colors and of uncertain style suggests that she is an Italian, although her yellow hair and fair skin bespeak a Northern race.

The door behind her of massive boards rudely put together is dark green shading into a lighter tint. This dark background throws the upper part of the girl's figure into special relief, and her head and shoulders seem to stand out from the canvas. Two strings of beads, one red, the other blue, peep from the bodice of her tattered dress and these, together with the bright red sash which circles her waist, are the only bright colors in the picture. The other hues are dark and sombre giving a solemn tone which corresponds to the mood of the little waif.

* * *

ODOR.

Last evening after supper I strolled into the garden to water the flowers. The rose bushes were in full bloom and interested me more than any of the other shrubs. Here and there were climbing roses with white blossoms; others had a rich, red color. The bushes of the Ever-blooming Roses were covered with little pink flowers that seemed very small in comparison with the single roses.

The single roses have just begun to bloom and they will have finished blooming long before the others. The half-opened buds of this variety are, to my mind, the most beautiful of flowers. The wild roses, which may be seen growing among the grasses that border the wayside, are of this variety. As soon as the single rose has fully opened the petals begin to fall to the ground. I think that double roses have lost their

natural gracefulness through the attempt of the gardener to out-perfect perfection.

The roses gave off a delicate perfume which pervaded the air with a faint fragrant odor. The scent of the rose can not be imitated by perfumers. I compared the perfume distilled from the white rose with the fragrance of the rose itself, and although there was some resemblance, the perfume was strong and harsh and had not the delicate delightful fragrance of the natural rose.

* * *

MY LADY'S BOUDOIR.

My Lady's boudoir is a cozy suite of rooms on the north side of the house. Two windows look upon the street. In each there is a window-seat filled invitingly with numerous cushions. The rooms are finished in blue and white. The walls are tinted in light blue, and the woodwork is enamelled in dull white.

When I entered, the faint odor of heliotrope delighted my senses; an air of purity and refinement pervaded the room. It seemed as if I had come out of the common-place of every-day life and crossed into fairyland.

A massive bed, with a canopy of lace hanging from it, stands in the corner and looks so dainty with its filmy coverings that I involuntarily thought of the downy couch of a beautiful fairy princess. The boudoir, delicate in everything that rests the senses, invited me to a half hour's reverie. As I stepped out of the room I felt as one who had awakened from a pleasant dream.

* * *

SOUND.

While crossing the bridge which spans the St. Joe at Mishawaka, I stopped at the Perkins' Windmill factory to watch the men who were planing lumber in a room facing the street. Undressed lumber, as the planks are called when they first come from the saw-mill, lay in high tiers near the planing machine. Two men carried a slab to the machine and shoved it under the rapidly revolving knives. A man standing on the other side took the wood as it came through and piled it on a little cart.

Whenever a board had been run through the machine and before another had been put in, the knives would revolve at a higher speed than before, because there was no obstruction. They made a droning sound which resembled the noise made by a swarm of bees that have

been driven from their hive. When a plank was first inserted, a high, grating sound could be heard. The burr gradually lowered in pitch as the speed of the knives was lessened by the friction. The noise changed into a guttural, raspy sound as the last few feet of the board came through, and then the whirring of the unobstructed planes filled the air with a monotonous twanging.

Overhead the shafting which conveyed the power revolved with a chug which was repeated at regular intervals. The belts made a slithering sound as the edges where they were crossed rubbed against one another. The engine in the power-house could be heard clanking every time the piston-rod reached the end of the cylinder. Distinct from all the noises, I heard a workman whistling "The Arkansas Traveller," keeping time with the thump of the machine at which he was working.

* * *

A SPRING DAY IN THE WOODS.

Decoration Day is near at hand, so with basket and lunch-box swinging from my arm I began my eleventh annual trip in search of May-apple blossoms. The wood is four miles from the city, and being in no hurry, I sauntered slowly along the narrow country road. "The Forest," as it is known, is a small grove that lies nestled among the hills that dot the edge of the St. Joseph valley. When I reached the woods, I sat down at the base of a large oak tree to rest after my long walk.

The green of the grasses and of the foliage of the trees was varied by the little blue-bells and jack-in-the-pulpits that peeped from their covering of matted leaves. In the distance is the old sugar camp, with its weather-beaten shanty and its ancient sugar kettle. A small mound of grayish wood-ashes lies beneath the kettle. The blood-red head of a woodpecker protruded from a hole in a dead limb. The bird turned its head to one side and then to the other, as if it were undecided what should be its field of operations for the day.

Suddenly a fox-squirrel broke the silence with his short, sharp bark. A blue-jay in a tree near by answered with its shrill cry, and then exhibited its ability as a mimic by imitating the calls of other birds. The deep bay of a hound, echoed and re-echoed among the hills. Then all became quiet again except for the slight rustle of the leaves stirred by a gentle wind.

The May-apple blossoms grew in profusion, and the air was burdened with their fragrant odor. I began to fill my basket with flowers. The scent was very penetrating, and after my basket was full, I took out my old pipe and soon had the heavy perfume saturated with the fumes of tobacco. The odor of the May-apple blossom is like that of the tuberose, and I have always associated the perfume of these flowers with funeral rites. O. L.

Books and Magazines.

—It is but fitting that the *Rosary Magazine* for October would devote many of its pages to the Rosary Devotion. The happy manner of explaining the mysteries in the dialogue form is novel and consequently attractive. Besides the sound information afforded throughout the short stories, poems and novellas, though not always burdened with remarkable thoughts, are, however, of an elevated character. This varied matter carefully arranged makes of the *Rosary* a healthful family magazine.

—An article on the "By-Paths of History" in the September issue of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, deplors the havoc caused by histories taught in our schools. Some writers to avoid being Catholic become unchristian.

A chapter on "Clerical Ear-Marks" is interesting inasmuch as it gives in detail the many Marie-Correlli-like notions that do really haunt good-minded people who still "exaggerate to the ninth degree everything Catholic. It would be interesting if the author were to compile all that is written on the "Science of Clerical Physiognomy." Many of the caricatures that are taken *bona fide* at the present day, will be deemed fifty years hence no less strange than those one might find in Noah's scrap-book. The Society will have done much when it has succeeded in establishing facts instead of a writer's prejudices in our historical text-books, and when it will have taught the reading public that rank ribaldry should not be taken for wit.

—We notice a strong and original tone to the notes in the October *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*. The writer limits himself not to things that are purely religious, but allows his criticism to seek other fields. We think this practice highly commendable.

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REPORTERS

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—To-morrow is Founder's day and we pay our tributes to a hero and a Christian gentleman. He came into a wilderness and left it a seat of culture; and where the ragged oaks shot out from the steep banks of a picturesque lake, he built his halls. As he wrought, the woods became tractable under his hand, and these spires and dome bear witness to the work he has done.

We value a man not altogether for the monuments he has left, but for the obstacles he has overcome. We know that he is subject to his environment; we believe that, though at the beginning his ideals are noble and his conceptions gigantic, it is seldom that he brings about a full realization of them. But when we see a being with nothing much to assist him, but a strong belief in the sanctity of his mission and a firm conviction that if he labours long enough, the fruit of his efforts will have a divine blessing, planting in the wilderness a small college which within fifty years was to grow up into a university, we can not but marvel at the work. Nor can we forget the builder.

That noble band of men who came into this garden spot, where the Indian camped and the woods were full of song, have passed

away—but their memory lives. And as we look at those silent figures that laboured for generations yet unborn, one form stands out in simple grandeur. We can not forget him, for his heart felt when his eyes could not see. Believing in his heart he worked to give us what we have. If we honor the work we must admire the man. And other men coming after us must feel as we have felt, and pay their tributes to this missionary hero—Father Edward Sorin.

—Our President, Father Morrissey, delivered a lecture in De Kalb, Illinois, on October 9. The occasion of the lecture was the dedication of Father Solan's church.

—We are in possession of an address delivered by the Rev. S. F. Fitte, C. S. C., at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame. The occasion of the address was the memorial services held over Wm. McKinley. We have seen many papers on this tender subject, but none of them have the simple dignity and grandeur of this discourse. Father Fitte knew Mr. McKinley intimately for many years, and as he spoke, he told of him as a Christian gentleman. We have been touched as we heard our lamented chief mourned as a great warrior, but we were deeply moved by this simple narrative of a life so loyal and sincere.

—I feel that I am striking on a worn-out string when I speak of college songs. But the question is so pertinent a one, and we are so woefully in the background with a supply of them that it is now high time that we should take the matter up. For years we have had men that could turn a rime with the best of college verse writers, but not many song writers. And this minority have turned out a few stanzas on the glory of the University—stanzas, that were destined to die in their infancy. To me it seems that the pleasure of hearing one's song sung by his fellows is honour, indeed. But there should be some consideration held out that we might get our best men working along this kind of verse. It is true that a good sonneteer is often a poor song writer, but yet we call on those that have been touched by the fire of the poet. Then would we have college songs that we would feel proud to sing.

A Plea for the Old.

Civilization busies itself by covering up scars; it puts on nature the polish and appearance of permanence. The scars and lumps of newly broken prairie and the appearance of cities grown large too young, of necessity, mark the Western country and, to a great extent, Western institutions. It is providential, however, that the artificial has not entirely smoothed out the natural. The greatest progress is possible in a new country, for in that there is a community of danger and necessity. Nevertheless, civilization does what is right when she strives to round out the rough corners and uplift customs. Men can not live in huts always,—there is a limit to what is barbaric. Yet, on the upward march, the battlefields and landmarks of the past are too often left to crumble and to be forgotten.

Those now commenting on the happy arrangement of landscape and buildings at Notre Dame can hardly realize that it was not always thus. And it would be unnatural, and perhaps unnecessary, that the later generation of teachers and students should feel regret that the old scars were so nearly healed over. For so long as the spirit of faith and industry does not fail, greater institutions grow out of the ashes of the old. Those older share their admiration for the new with a regret for the old. Founder's day always recalls such memories. This sadness of retrospect is not only shared by the religious and the faculty, but by each feeling student.

Father Sorin and his little band of uncomplaining pioneers,—the nucleus of Western Catholic Education—first stood on the banks of St. Mary's Lake in the snow of November in 1842. "Everything was frozen," Father Sorin wrote, "yet all appeared so beautiful. The lake particularly, with its mantle of snow, resplendent in its whiteness, was to us a symbol of the stainless purity of our August Lady whose name it bears, and also of the purity of soul which should characterize the new inhabitants of these beautiful shores."

The buildings already on the ground were a log cabin 24x40 feet whose ground floor answered as a room for the "Black Robe" of the Indians and the story above for a chapel. There was also a small two-story frame building occupied by a half-breed Indian and his family. This Indian acted as interpreter when it was necessary.

Thereafter work began in earnest. A report was made current that the Pope had given the little band nearly a hundred thousand dollars. "If there was no possible danger in this wild talk," the Records read, "it must have seemed rather amusing to the poor priest and his shivering Brothers who made their hard beds on the bare floor where the wind sifted snow in upon them through the chinks in the wall."

What suffering there was; but this was the tenor of the Venerable Father's complaint: "I am tempted to complain, dear Father, that Our Lord sends me no other suffering except to see my dear children suffer around me without having the power to assist them. Lately one of our good Brothers had his foot frozen, another his toes. I had just *fifty cents*, sufficient perhaps to show that I was not altogether insensible to their sufferings."

An iron cross now marks the place where the old log church stood. The log cabin has long since been torn away. One after another the former landmarks have been covered up. The scars have been removed. The chapel was torn down very recently to make room for the large new community buildings; and now all that is left is the original brick building wherein the first collegiate classes,—such as they were—were held. Its only companion, though not nearly so old, is a round, old building of faded red, the entire top of which, though it is now set awry, like a careless student's cap, did once revolve; and from this the earlier students studied the heavens. In the days of its usefulness, this observatory stood down on the shores of St. Mary's Lake,—down near the flower gardens and the paths. Father Carrier, alas! has been long gone. Now, they say, the old brick,—the one pioneer left of all—shakes with the wind, and that it is in daily danger of collapse. Since its day of usefulness is past, they say they must demolish it. Make way for the new is the word. Indeed, should this very last monument of an earlier and more arduous time be destroyed?

In years to come, when other feet must tread the more artificial paths, and other hands do the like daily tasks, will the new really be better than the old? That person was a poet in heart that said: "The Maker left the rings of Saturn to show man how worlds are made." Would not an occasional scar, like the monument time has made that first college building, show how Catholic Universities are made?

F. F. D.

Our First Victory.

NOTRE DAME, 6; OHIO MEDICAL UNIVERSITY, 0.

We print verbatim this game as written by the *Ohio State Journal* of Columbus, Ohio, and the play in detail as set forth in the *Columbus Sunday Press*:

Ideal football weather, two strong and capable teams in the best of form, a splendid exhibition of football as it is played, and a score of 6 to 0 in favor of the superior team, tells the story of the O. M. U.-Notre Dame game Saturday afternoon at Neil Park. If such a record is inaccurate in any way it is an injustice to the Notre Dame players. For the score does not in any way give a correct indication of the real superiority of the visiting team. The Medical team was clearly outclassed throughout the game. At no time did they bring Notre Dame's goal in danger in the course of regular playing, and their only hope of scoring was through Whelan's drop kicking, which twice proved ineffective and a third time was prevented by a high pass. The embryo doctors made their first downs with the greatest difficulty; their heavy backs could seldom run around the opposing ends, and they could make little or no gains by bucking that stone wall of a line which the Indiana players presented.

A lucky genius certainly presided over the fortunes of the O. M. U. on Saturday, for if it had not been for the wretched and inexcusable fumbling of the Notre Dame team the score would inevitably have included three touchdowns, if not more. One touchdown would certainly have been scored in the first half, and two in the second, if it had not been for fumbling at critical points. All of those fumbles were costly ones. Several times they happened as Notre Dame seemed sure to make a touchdown, and in nearly every case the ball was secured by the opposite side.

The game, as a whole, beyond doubt was one of the best ever seen in Columbus. Both teams played fast, and the team work was of the first order. The strength of the visiting team lay in what some people are pleased to call "straight football," meaning by that term line bucking.

The punting of the Indiana team was just what could be expected of a disciple of Pat O'Dea. Half the length of the gridiron was an easy punt for Sammon. The tackling of the

visitors was often a great deal too high, but this was remedied to some extent toward the end of the game. When it came to getting the charge, O. M. U. was not within comparing distance with her opponents, and as for playing low the forwards of the latter were without equal. It would be impossible to pick out any member of the Indiana team as an especially brilliant player, for they all made a marvellous showing.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

Sammon kicked off to Duffy who brought the ball back ten yards. Ohio Medical University could make no gain, and Whelan was forced to punt. Kirby went around left end for five yards; Lins left end for three. Ball went to the Medics, who were held and forced to punt. Sammon returned the kick. Gessler made three yards around right end. Duffy plunged through centre for a yard, and Callahan made four yards around left end. O. M. U. held, and Whelan tried a drop-kick from the forty-yard line; the ball fell short, was fumbled and Yost fell on it. Callahan lost ten yards, Gessler gained two, and the ball went to Notre Dame, but they immediately fumbled; O. M. U. getting the ball. Whelan tried another drop kick and got the ball on a fumble. Notre Dame's line was tried again, but found impregnable, and O. M. U. was forced to punt as the whistle blew at the end of the first half.

In the second half, Gessler kicked off to Kirby who brought the ball back thirty-five yards. Sammon made five yards through centre; Lins was stunned, and Hannan who took his place made three yards, Fortin two and Farragher four. Notre Dame had the ball within the shadow of the Medics' goal, when the ball was fumbled and the fleet-footed Indian, Sickles, picked up the ball, and, with a clear field, started toward Notre Dame's goal; after him went Kirby. It looked as if the Indian would score, when Kirby by a magnificent sprint and tackle brought him down. Then Notre Dame put up a strong game, and by a series of rushes by Farragher, Kirby, Sammon, Hannan and Fortin, Fortin was pushed over the line a few minutes before the game was called. Sammon kicked goal. When the second half was called the ball was in Notre Dame's possession on O. M. U.'s twenty-five yard line.

We should here give credit to our trainers who brought about the magnificent physical condition the team boasts of.

THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		O. M. U.
Doran	L E	Sickles
Farragher	L T	Howard
Gillen	L G	Welch, Dugan
Pick	C	Dew
Laughlin	R E	Laughlin
Fortin, Capt.	R T	Welty
Winter	R G	Yost
McGlew, Neary	Q B	Whelan, Capt.
Kirby	L H	Gessler
Lins, Hannan,	R H	Callahan
O'Malley,		
Sammon	F B	Duffy

Halves 20 minutes. Officials: Umpire, Lee Thurman, of University of Virginia. Referee, Gaston of Cleveland,

Inter-Hall Meet.

A fine day, a large crowd and a closely contested victory sum up the Autumn Inter-Hall Meet. A second time did Brownson Hall win, but by the close margin of five points. Never during the progress of the contest was it possible to tell which hall would be the victor. Only when the last event was over did Sorin Hall give up hope. St. Joseph's Hall, however, covered herself with glory, winning so many points with so few entries.

The object of the meet was to follow King Custom as to our fall field day, and incidentally to discover all new material. From both points of view the meet was successful. Many new men showed that they have the making of good athletes. McCullough did very good work in the weights, and we expect much of him next session. In a like manner did Davies in the sprints and Barrett in the jumps hold the attention of the field. Matyaczko, a new man, did excellent riding in the half-mile bicycle race, even gaining on the scratch men. But three Varsity men competed—Richon, Herbert and Uffendal. Herbert, however, won the high hurdles rather handily. The two-mile race was a magnificent exhibition of pluck when Butler finished the last 800 yards on nerve. But the prettiest contest was the half-mile run. Gormley had had a fifteen-yard handicap on Uffendal, and though the latter ran a hard race, he could not pass him.

THE SUMMARIES.

WINNER.	HANDICAP
100-YARD DASH.	
1. Davies.....	8 yards
2. Fensler.....	8 yards
3. Herbert.....	2 yards
Time.....	10 1-5 seconds.
220-YARD DASH.	
1. Hoover.....	8 yards
2. Herbert.....	2 yards
3. Kaspar.....	7 yards
Time.....	23 1-5 seconds.

440-YARD DASH.

1. Herbert!.....	scratch
2. Murphy.....	15 yards
Time.....	57 seconds.

880-YARD RUN.

1. Gormley.....	15 yards
2. Uffendal.....	scratch
3. Butler.....	30 yards
Time.....	2 minutes 13 seconds.

ONE MILE.

1. Kehl.....	85 yards
2. Butler.....	scratch
3. McAuley.....	30 yards
Time.....	5 minutes 30 seconds.

TWO MILE.

1. Butler.....	100 yards
2. Zeigler.....	200 yards
Time.....	11 minutes 36 seconds.

120-YARD HIGH HURDLES.

1. Herbert.....	scratch
2. Hoover.....	6 yards
Time.....	16 1-5 seconds.

220-YARD LOW HURDLES.

1. Quinlan.....	18 yards
2. Herbert.....	scratch
Time.....	27 3-5 seconds.

HIGH JUMP.

1. Draper.....	5 inches
2. Davies.....	6 inches
3. Davitt.....	3 inches
Distance.....	5 feet 6 inches.

POLE VAULT.

1. Halloran.....	1 foot 2 inches
2. Richon..	scratch
3. Barrett.....	scratch
Height.....	9 feet 10 inches.

BROAD JUMP.

1. Davies.....	2 feet 6 inches
2. Davitt.....	3 feet 6 inches
3. Richon.....	scratch
Distance.....	21 feet 8 inches.

DISCUS THROW.

1. Quinlan.....	20 feet
2. McCullough.....	7 feet
3. Richon.....	8 feet
Distance.....	105 feet.

SHOT PUT.

1. Draper.....	4 feet
2. O'Connor.....	4 feet
Distance.....	36 feet 5 inches.

HAMMER THROW.

1. McCullough.....	scratch
2. Meyers.....	5 feet
3. Stephan.....	20 feet
Distance.....	99 feet 10 inches.

ONE-HALF MILE BICYCLE RACE.

1. Matyaczko.....	40 yardsh
2. Magie.....	scratch
Time.....	1 minute 12 seconds.

Officials: Dr. O'Malley, Referee; Pat O'Dea, starter; J. Doran, F. Dwyer, W. Staples, Judges; William Higgins, Handicapper. Score: Brownson, 54; Sorin, 49; St. Joseph, 23, and Corby, 6.

Exchanges.

The *University of Ottawa Review* for September is rather dull, because, like the first number of most college magazines, this is devoted chiefly to commencement addresses, valedictories and subjects of local interest. Some spirit is imparted by the verse. "The Cradle of Mary" is especially smooth and harmonious. With this issue as a criterion, it is safe to say that the *Review* will surpass its former excellence in college journalism.

* * *

As a magazine devoted to personals and items of interest to West Virginia University students, the first number of the weekly *Athenæum* is about all that should be expected. A change from a monthly to a weekly publication is always pleasing to brother editors. We hope that in the future, verse, stories and literary essays shall have a place in the paper. Here might arise the hackneyed question of the ideal college paper; but the *Athenæum* will do well to reserve a few of its pages for literary matter. A paragraph soliciting criticism states clearly the duty of a worthy exchange editor. He should not be too timid in giving adverse criticism, but that should always be kind, sincere and inoffensive.

* * *

A breeze is gentlest at its beginning. As time goes on *The Blair Hall Breeze* will gather strength, but we hope that it will not develop into wind. This issue is far below the standard of a creditable monthly publication, but the *Breeze* is true to nature, consequently the first number is lacking in force and interesting subject matter. If a "slight breeze" in New England is sufficient to make "whole forests of pine nod lazily," as a contributor to the *Breeze* says, does it not seem strange that more interesting manuscript has not been stirred up in Blair Hall and its vicinity? Some enterprising student of nature, for instance, might write a learned dissertation on the remarkable strength of New England breezes. "The Value of Literature" is well written, but that subject is so old that only an Emerson or a Macaulay could give it all the colour and vigour of youth. The writer forgets his ethics when he says that "a man ignorant of a communicative life with his fellow-beings" is "ignorant of all moral or spiritual law."

G. W. B

Local Items.

—The hand-ball trust is meeting with a great deal of opposition these days.

—Tommie upon being the first man down to prayer—"At first I was last, but at last I'm first."

—The Law classes gave Colonel Hoynes a hearty welcome upon his return, Tuesday morning.

—The Minims will celebrate Founder's Day next Thursday, October 17, with games. These begin at 2:00 p. m.

—Oscar has declared his inability to buy a nose-guard for the coming Senior game. The price of rubber is too high.

—The new plunge bath was opened last Monday, and affords an excellent opportunity for students to learn how to swim.

—FOUND—Early in September, a purse containing a small sum of money. Owner, please call on Bro. Albius at the General Office.

—An eight-day match was almost the efficient cause of the Secretary of the Sorin Hall Association resigning last Wednesday evening.

—The price of potatoes has increased so much that a number of Sorinites are thinking of investing in a stock of "Murphys," and selling them for watch charms.

—Law student:—"I would like to visit St. Mary's."

Prefect:—"Oh no! You must keep away from there. 'The Law is a jealous mistress.'"

—Owing to the efforts of Father Quinlan Carroll Hall will have a track meet this fall. It is expected that all the boys that have athletic ability will train, for we want to see the meet a success.

—The P. G. English History men have organized a football team to be known as the "Remnants." They would be pleased to meet any of the Minim teams. Please, address all challenges to Senior Law class.

—The St. Joe "Buffaloes" defeated the Mexican "Tigers" in Cartier Field last Thursday. In the last three minutes of play, Thomas Curtis made a phenomenal drop-kick from the thirty-five yard line that made the score 5 to 0.

—Lessons in practical housekeeping are being given in one of the halls. Only bald-headed people need apply. This should not exclude our friends on the second and third flats. "Too bad to have a stove-pipe and no chimney to hold it," said Jerry after wrangling for an hour with an unruly stove-pipe. We are told that the house-warming dinner has been postponed. Invited parties, please take notice.

—The Junior Law class held a meeting last Tuesday and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Harold H. Davitt; Vice-President, Edward F. Quigley; Secretary

and Treasurer, Peter McNamara; Class Orator, Francis P. Burke.

—Davitt—"What would you call a man that would kill his father and mother, Way Lee?"

Way Lee—"A patricide and matricide."

Davitt—"No."

Way Lee—"What would you call him?"

Davitt—"An orphan."

—Mr. Stone denies the report in last week's SCHOLASTIC that his pocket-book contained deeds of the Masonic Temple and the South Bend Court-House. He says he has the deeds in his possession, at present, and that his pocket-book is also safe. He simply gave it to Mr. K. E. LEE for safe keeping. Mr Stone is negotiating at present for a lease of the Fair Grounds.

—The game between the Laws and the Collegians promises to be interesting. Bill Dinnen will oppose Ralph Wilson at centre, and George Kelly and Orrin White will be the rival full-backs. Much credit is due to Manager Collins for his ability to inspire the Laws. The battle cry adopted by the "Peace Makers" is the old Irish warlike phrase. Copies of this can be had from Manager Collins.

—BOBBY—"Do you believe in environment, Timmy?"—Timmy: "Of course. Look at Whaley; he has Judge Cooney's room this year. Do you not notice that Whaley is beginning to have that dignity so characteristic of the Judge? Furthermore, his room is becoming the headquarters for the men of erudition in Sorin Hall. There's nothing like environment, Bobby. It made me feel poetic when I was with McDonough; oratorical when Kanaley hove in sight; it inspired me with a desire for fire water when ex-Chief Kinney entered my room.

—Mr. Matyaczk, the famous bicycle trick rider, is practising daily for the purpose of further developing his artistic prowess. The bicycle which he uses is an exceptional one, and was made specially for him by "The Welding Co.," Kalamazoo. Tuesday, while demonstrating his marvellous antics to Robinson and Dubbs, he collided with the hydrant in front of the carpenter shop and punctured his straw hat. The wheel, being a castiron one, escaped with a slight dent in the saddle. Mr. Matyaczk has fully recovered from the shock, and may be seen Sunday afternoon at his best. No compensation for damages.

—The Philopatrians met in regular session last Wednesday evening. Messrs. Robert Murphy and Thomas Jackson were admitted into the Society. After the routine business was transacted there followed an able programme. A eulogy on Touissant L'Overture was forcibly delivered by Mr. Kemfick. Mr. Rapiér recited in a sympathetic manner, "Hermosian." The debate was: Resolved, That horse racing should be abolished. The affirmative was

ably upheld by Messrs. Green and Record. Messrs. Cahill and Casposio spoke for the negative. Mr. Zubold's violin solo was well received. B. White's humorous piece was cleverly given. After recitations by B. Cogan and W. Hall, the society adjourned.

—Chauncey Ha Ha, poet-Laureate, ex-Dramatic critic and tobacco chewer, is at present engaged in writing an epic poem in comparison with which 'Paradise Lost' and the Æneid of Virgil will pale in insignificance. The hero of the poem is a young lad who begins life as a newsboy in the streets of Louisville with but one shirt on his back. The lad, who, by the way, is ambitious, soon wins favor with the best men of the city. His abilities are recognized, and the office of Dramatic Critic on the *Moonshine Cleaner* at a salary of three chews per week and lodging is offered him. He accepts with alacrity, but his thirst for knowledge compels him to throw up the job, and he enters a university. Leaving college with the degree A. B. under his arm and his hands in his pockets he hies himself off to his old home, and every now and then startles the world with a few spasms of verse that almost resemble poetry. This life did not suit him for long. One cold, dreary day in December he bids his friends a fond farewell, and disappears. Several years later some moonshiners, while evading the U. S. officers, came across an unknown cave, and upon entering were startled to find the remains of a man. Closer investigation revealed the fact that it was the long-lost poet. An unswallowed lump of sorrow found in his throat unravelled the mystery of his death. His friends gave the body decent burial, and erected a slab over his grave with these words:

Here lies a poet.

We didn't know it,

'Till he was gone. Amen.

—THE EXIT OF THE LOCAL MAN.—After a strenuous effort to fill the local column last week, he was found dead in the editor's "sanctum." Of his early life little is known. He dabbled in everything, prose and poetry. Whether he followed his own brain or the unwise directions of another, we know not. One thing is certain: he was never known to shirk. One moment he was up in the highest flights of philosophy and the next he was down in campus literature. He was always around and, like the pawnbroker, he took in everything. If he wrote all the things which were attributed to him, he would have died much sooner from concussion of the brain or a fractured skull. And yet so little is known of this great man that we are not even acquainted with his Christian name. There are no bills or letters in the "sanctum" by which we can identify him, and it seems a shame that a man should be accused of writing so much and yet be known so little. He was very poor, not even having a reputation for consistency.

The effort of his life was to have Admiral Noah brought before the Naval Investigating Board, but death knocked at the door, and we trust that it is the last "knocker." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will send a delegation to the funeral.

—JUNIOR LAWS DEFEATED.—When the whistle blew at the close of the second half of last Sunday's game, between Brownson and the Junior Laws, the most complicated football contest in the history of this State was brought to an end. Two officials, Chief Justice Crimothy Timmons and Squire K. A. Naley were overcome at the close of the game, and had to be carried into B. Leopold's. The one official who covered himself with glory and smiles was Count Von Nibble M. Eyres who kept the minutes of the proceedings by the aid of his new self-winding, open-faced clock. The Count's conduct both on and off the field was commendable, and places him in the front rank of Western time-keepers.

The rooting was admirable and should be encouraged. Not an ungentlemanly remark was made by a Brownson rooter, and the Law men behaved equally well, although one of them said, in the second half, that he thought they should "swing on Hingues." The yell given by the Lawyers was a stunner. It was composed by Prince Early T. Sharkey (alias Way Lee), and has been adopted by Li Hung Chang as the official Chinese Court Yell. It runs like this:

"Mahogany, Plogamy, bring in Subs,
Looking-glass, looking-glass, Dubbs, Dubbs, Dubbs,
I'll work, you'll work, we'll all work shirk,
Iskilli, Bamboozle, muzzle the Turk,
Hi ki, hi ki, zip, bum, bum,
Junior Laws, Junior Laws, Rum, rum, rum."

The game began at ten o'clock with a dispute. Col. Higgins held that the ball was not properly seamed—seemingly a novel argument. The Chief Justice quoted Blackstone and Judge Cooney until his tongue hung out, when a compromise was effected. Then the Brownsonites took the ball and carried it down the field for a touchdown. Funk kicked goal. Score, Brownson, 6; Junior Laws, 0; this ended the scoring. The rest of the game was given over to arguments, minute speeches, exhortations, offside plays and signal practice. At fifteen minutes to twelve Chief Justice Timmons snapped his fingers and the game was over.

THE LINE UP.

BROWNSON		JUNIOR LAWS
Hughes	C	Krug
Daly	R T	Stephan
O'Flaherty	L T	Zeigler
Murphy	R G	Flynn
McMoriarity	L G	Dubbs
Dwan	Q B	Davitt
Funk	R H	Higgins
Guerin	L H	Wood
Hogan (C)	F B	Whaley
Groogan	R E	Burke
Riley	L E	Jennings

Spectators: S. Hirk and ex-Chief Kinney.

—We announced in our last issue that the worthy authorities on English History, Messrs. Kel Lee and Meyhers, had added a chapter to their text-book on that historical subject known as the *Début* of "Hot Wather" O'Brien. In justice to these gentlemen we give the chapter entire, for it brings in many noble characters known to the chroniclers of that time:

In the land of hot tomatoes
Dwelt the charming maid "Hot Wather;"
She had passed her sixteenth summer,
And was going to make her *début*.
Then she called her friends and kinsmen
To come help her sing her farewell.
From the first and second story,
Came the gallant ex-chief Kinnee,
In his trail the boy, S. Weenie,
Then Young-Man-too-long-for-His Bed,
And many other hot potatoes
From the third and second story.
There was Way Lee of the cold face,
And V. Oight who turns a hand spring
In three yards of normal gas pipe;
Then the sweet and gentle K. Ree
Followed by a long-lost "tom, tom,"
He who sings his songs at moonlight.
In the distance was F. Mer Phee,
And his shoulders cock-a-lorum,
And his diuky dicer placed as
He were going to clean the cellar.
To this land of hot tomatoes,
Where the charming maid Hot Wather,
Was about to make her *début*
Came the third and second story.
Then they spoke of steam and gas pipes
As they sat them down to table.
From the board of ravished muffins,
Rose young-man-too-long-for-His Bed,
And his face was like the full moon
And his form like Don Quixote's.
"We are come, ye noble chieftains,"
In a voice of thunder said he,
"To do justice to these muffins,
And to glory in the *début*
Of the charming maid Hot Wather.
She has told us tales of steam pipes,
And of frigid, frigid bath tubs,
'Till she made us feel like two cents.
Now I envy not her *début*
And my sincere wish is this, sirs,
That never, never, never,
Will this charming maid Hot Wather
Make another, other *début*
From the land of steam and "Ha! ha!"
When young-man had made his discourse,
There were threats and angry gestures.
"He has acted like a paltroon,"
Cried the gallant ex-chief Kinnee.
"O ye chiefs of hot tomatoes!
Slay Young-Man-too-long-for-His Bed."
Then the battle raged on fiercely,
And V. Oight crawled in a gas pipe;
Then S. Weenie smote chief Way Lee,
Way Lee of the frigid, cold face.
But Kinnee puffing smoke, smoke,
Sought Young-Man-too-long-for-His Bed.
But that worthy took a hot foot.
When the smoke had cleared next morning,
Near a broken bottle lay, sirs,
Kinnee hero of fire water;
And 'twas found, while raged the battle,
That the charming maid, Hot Wather
Through a doorway made her *début*
From the land of hot tomatoes.